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THE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

A
S E R M O N,

Occasioned by the DEATH of

Mrs. ANN TOMMAS,

WIFE of the

Rev. JOHN TOMMAS,

Who died Nov. 13, 1783, in the Fifty-sixth Year of her Age.

Preached at the PITHAY, *Bristol*,

Lord's Day, *November 23.*

By CALEB EVANS, M. A. *K*

All, all on earth is *Shadow*, all beyond

Is SUBSTANCE ; ———

How solid all, where change shall be no more!

YOUNG,

Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is FAR BETTER.

PAUL.

B R I S T O L :

Printed by WILLIAM PINE.

Sold by Messrs. BROWNE, LLOYD, MILLS, BRYAN, &c. in
Bristol; and by BUCKLAND, &c. in *London*.

(Price SIX-PENCE.)

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Occasioned by the Death of

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WIFE of the

Rev. JOHN TOMMAS

Who died Nov. 13, 1783, in the 40th Year of her Age.

By



WILLIAM M. A.

All, all on earth is broken, all beyond

How solid all, whose change shall be no more.

June.

Printed by W. L. G. & Co. No. 10, South Street, New York.


B R I S T O L

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Sold by Messrs. Brown, Groves, Mann, Bax, & Co. in
Bristol, and by Messrs. Bax, & Co. in London.

(Price SIX PENCE)

TO
THE REV. JOHN TOMMAS,
THE
FOLLOWING SERMON,
PREACHED AND PRINTED AT HIS REQUEST,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
AS A HUMBLE TOKEN OF DESERVED RESPECT
TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED,

BY

HIS TRULY SYMPATHISING AND AFFECTIONATE
FRIEND AND BROTHER,

Bristol, C. EVANS.
Dec. 5, 1783.

*The kindred Sigh conveys a strange Relief,
How cordial is Society in Grief!* THEODOSIA.

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THEODORE.

S E R M O N, &c.

1 *Theff.* iv. 13.

THAT YE SORROW NOT, EVEN AS OTHERS,
WHICH HAVE NO HOPE.

The words in their connection, read thus,

I would not have you to be ignorant brethren concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

OF all the various sorrows and afflictions of human life, there are few if any which touch us in so tender a part, and awaken within us such keen and painful sensations, as those which are occasioned by the death of our beloved friends and dearest relatives. To behold those eyes which so often had smiled upon us, for ever sunk in darkness; those hands which had so often administered

ministred to our relief, cold and motionless; that voice which had so often addressed us in accents of tenderness and love, closed in everlasting silence; that heart incapable of beating any more, which had so often throbbed with pain, or bounded with pleasure, on our account and for our sake; that pleasing countenance, which had so often dispelled the gloom of care, and brightened our drooping souls, changed into the paleness of death: what shall I say?—For parents to behold a beloved child, or children to behold an affectionate parent, whose maternal tenderness they had long experienced; for a wife to behold a beloved husband; or a husband the wife of his youth, the friend of his bosom, the partner of his heart, the faithful sharer of all his joys and all his sorrows, clothed in a deathly shroud, enclosed in a sable coffin, and deposited in the gloomy grave; oh how full of anguish is the very thought, and how unspeakably distressing the awful reality!

How every tender passion mourns,

And each fond heart complains!

Not to feel, deeply feel upon such tender occasions, not to heave the oppressive sigh, and shed the distressful tear, unless we are steel'd against all the sensibilities of humanity, and the soft, the gentle, and yet powerful emotions of a virtuous, pious

pious friendship, is impossible. We must, we cannot but sorrow, greatly sorrow, under such affecting providences. Neither reason nor religion forbid but require it. I do not come here this afternoon to tell your honored Pastor and his afflicted family, that they ought not to sorrow, or that you ought not to sorrow with them; but I am come to mingle my sorrows with yours, upon this distressing occasion. Ah! methinks I hear my honored brother crying out in the anguish of his spirit---Pity me O my friends, pity me, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me! I have been visited stroke upon stroke,* but this stroke is the heaviest of all, and oh, it is heavier than my groaning! We believe it; and nature must have vent, nor was religion ever intended to counteract any of its innocent operations. But has the Christian no relief under these sharp and poignant sorrows? No balm to heal these bleeding wounds? No cordial to support his sinking spirits? Must *he* sorrow, even as others? As those that have no hope?---No, says the inspired Apostle.---I would not have *you* to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that *ye* sorrow not, even as others which have no hope: for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again,

* The death of the eldest son in the East Indies, and of the youngest, an accomplished promising youth, in the West Indies, besides the death of an amiable grandchild in the course of a few months.

again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.

Permit me then, upon this melancholy occasion, to call up to the view of my afflicted brother and his mourning family, that hope to which our Apostle refers, that hope which my honored brother has so often represented to you in the most animated manner, for your consolation under those sorrows with which you have been exercised, and which he now so much needs for his own consolation !

Should your time conveniently admit of it, I would attempt to speak to you

I. Of the hope itself.

II. The foundation of it.

III. Its excellent nature and properties.

I. Let me call your attention to the hope itself here referred to. The Apostle speaks to the Thessalonians as having hope, and therefore calls upon them when deprived by death of their beloved friends, not to sorrow as those that have no hope. Not to sorrow in the same unreasonable manner, nor to the same excessive degree. And indeed, what can be better calculated to moderate our sorrow, and to assist us in the duty of submission to the will of God under bereaving

bereaving providences, than the hope with which the gospel inspires us concerning the pious dead ? But what is this hope ? I answer,

(1.) It is the hope that our pious departed friends are happy.

I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, says the Apostle, concerning them which are asleep. And again, v. 14. Even so them also which sleep in Jesus, and as though he had said, are present with him in heaven in their disembodied state, will God bring with him. And v. 15. We which are alive shall not prevent them which are asleep. The scriptural representation of death is that of a sleep ; and perhaps nothing can give us a livelier or juster idea of it. When we are asleep, our bodies are at rest, but our minds our souls are oftentimes more alive and active than ever. We dream in sleep, and our dreams are generally either highly pleasing and agreeable, or peculiarly dismal and horrible. Now what can more aptly represent the state of the dead ? Their bodies are at rest in the grave. They know no more of toil, and labor, and fatigue, but are asleep, in a state of rest and ease. But their minds, their ever active souls, which they that even kill the body cannot by any means destroy, these are still employed either in the contemplation and enjoyment of divine and heavenly objects, or the dread reverse. The mind does
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not, cannot in the very nature of things sleep with the body, but when separated from it still exists and enters into a state to which it is adapted, and for which it is meetened and prepared, either of happiness or misery. " By God's breathing life into man, after he had formed his body of the dust of the earth, the immortality of the soul, as a late writer well observes, is plainly insisted upon; for though he bid an animating life inform the mechanism of other creatures, it appears to have been of very inferior denomination, because by the (peculiar) term breathed must be understood something infused immediately from himself, and partaking therefrom of a divine nature; but what is of his nature cannot be subject to be destroyed or dissolved, like material fabrics; nor that return to dust, which was never taken from it, but must continue self-existent, incapable of being annihilated by any power but that almighty one from which alone it proceeded; for what man who thinks, can imagine that disorders and death, which are only other words to signify a loosening and disordering of the parts of a machine composed of fine clay by divine skill, so as to render it totally unfit for the soul to act upon, can have any tendency to destroy the intelligent spirit, or mind which has no parts, and therefore can be no object of dissolution, laceration, or corruption? Such a conception is just as wise a one, as to believe

lieve that the soul, or art, of the carpenter, or smith, is entirely destroyed and lost, because by accident, his tools have been spoiled, and are become so unfit for his use, that he is no longer able to work with them."* No; the soul does not die with the body, but lives, continues to live for ever. The body indeed at death returns to the dust from whence it was taken, but the spirit, the immortal spirit to God that gave it; by him to be eternally fixed, according to the state in which it is found, either with Dives in the place of torment, or else with pious Lazarus in that happy state that is figuratively described to us under the idea of Abraham's bosom.

Now the hope which the Christian has concerning his pious departed friends is, that they are asleep in Jesus, in his arms, under his patronage and care, and in a state of inseparable union to him. The body indeed they know is in the grave, mouldering there: and shall remain there for an appointed season. But the soul, the spirit, "that vital spark of heavenly flame," having quitted the trembling body, they believe is present with the Lord. Present with him in a state of spiritual perfection and glory. Present with him in such a manner as is *far better*† than to be here, even in

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* Roberts's Thoughts on Creation.

† 2 Cor. v. 8. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.—And Phil. i. 23. I am in a strait betwixt two, having a DESIRE to depart and to be with Christ, which is FAR BETTER. Now

the most pleasing circumstances of mortality. The voice from heaven expressly says, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They are blessed now, though their bodies are dead in the grave. Not perhaps so fully and completely blessed as they shall be in the morning of the resurrection, but they are blessed, vastly more so than it was possible for them to be whilst here. They rest from their labors. Their trials are all at an end. No more shall they complain of a disordered body, or a wounded mind. The pilgrimage of life is past; their conflicts are over, sorrow and sighing are fled away from them; they are with Jesus whom their souls love; with the happy spirits of the just made perfect, in which brilliant circle they meet with many kindred spirits whose presence there enhances the joys of that happy state; they are enrolled in the general assembly and church of the first born; they are employed in the most delightful manner; love, gratitude and joy are kindled up in all their exalted powers and faculties,

I would ask any impartial person, whose mind is not enslaved to system, and beclouded by prejudice, upon what principles the Apostle could express himself thus, if he had believed there were no intermediate state between death and the final resurrection? See on this subject Dr. Watts's Essay prefixed to his *WORLD TO COME*, in which he tells us that a gentleman in conversation with him upon this subject freely acknowledged that these passages proved that the APOSTLE PAUL held the doctrine of a separate state, but that he was mistaken. Now this appears to me more candid, however inconsistent it may be with a firm belief of the inspiration of the New Testament, than to affirm in contradiction to the plainest evidence to the contrary, that it is not a scripture doctrine.

faculties, and in the most extatic strains they celebrate his praises, who loved them and gave himself for them, and washed them from their sins in his own most precious blood, and by whose grace alone it is they are what they are. They are waiting with secret exultation for the promised morning, when the mode of their present existence whatever it be, shall be again altered and improved, when they shall pass from glory to glory, when the trumpet shall sound, and their now dead bodies shall be raised incorruptible and gloriously changed : and they enjoy in anticipation the raptures of this transporting period.

Such is the hope of the Christian concerning his pious departed friends. Others may look upon death as an utter extinction of being, the Christian considers it only as the sleep of the body in the grave. Others may imagine that death is at least a chasm in the existence of their friends, a temporary interruption of their happiness ; but the well instructed Christian that is not ignorant concerning the state of such as are asleep in Jesus,—he considers it as an immediate translation of the disembodied unincumbered spirit to the joy of its Lord, and that the happy spirits of the pious dead, when he comes to the final judgement, the Lord of the invisible world will then bring with him. Others may have no hope concerning their friends, but the Christian has hope. The consolations of the
gospel

gospel brighten the gloomy valley, even of the shadow of death, and fill us with joy and peace in believing. The gospel assures us that those that are fallen asleep in Christ are not perished, 1. Cor. 15. 18. not annihilated, yea that they never shall perish. John 10. 28. That there is not even a pause in their existence, or in the dispensations of divine providence respecting them, but that the very moment they are absent from the body they are present with the Lord. This is the hope of the Christian. And O what a hope this is! Are our pious departed friends dead? No; "They live; they greatly live, a life on earth unkindled, unconceiv'd. Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost? Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around, in infidel distress? Are Angels there?"

Well might our Apostle say, I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep; that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope. We have hope, the best the noblest hope, the hope of the present happiness of our pious departed friends, and should not therefore sorrow as if we had no hope.

2. The hope here spoken of, is the hope of the resurrection of the bodies of the pious dead to future life and glory.

Man is evidently a compound being, made up of matter and mind, or what we call body and soul,

soul, nor is the existence of the one more evident than that of the other. Death is therefore spoken of as a departure, a departure of the soul from the body, a departure from this world; having a desire says the Apostle, to depart and be with Christ; and we read, as we have already seen, of being absent from the body, which seems to be considered as only the dwelling, the tabernacle of the soul. Now it is extremely reviving to be able to hope that the souls or spirits of our departed friends are happy when they die. That though there is a change, a gradation in the mode of their existence, yet that they are not blotted out of being, or in a state either of insensibility or misery; but that they are with God the Father of their spirits, with Jesus their Redeemer and Savior, with the spirits of the just made perfect, with angels and archangels, those bright and glorious spirits, in a word, that they are advanced to the world of happy spirits, and partake there of all the joys and glories of that exalted blessed state. But still it is natural for such a being as man to have some concern about the body. The body is evidently a very considerable part of man in his present mode of existence, and it is by means of the body, the eye, the ear, and the other senses that the faculties of the soul are exercised. However capable the soul may be of existing and being happy without the body, yet as

God

God hath given to man a body, it is natural to suppose that he designs the principal existence of man should be in the body; and it would be perhaps extremely difficult for us to believe the reality of our future existence at all, if we were to believe that the body, all that is to be seen of us, had no part in the divine regard, but was for ever to lye and perish in the grave.

But as the dispensations of divine providence and grace are all compleat, and form together one beautiful harmonious whole, so blessed be God, by the discovery that is made of them to us, we are enabled to extend our hope concerning the pious dead to the body as well as the soul. How nobly does our great Apostle reason upon this subject, in the fifteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians! If Christ be preached that HE rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain, ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ, in a believing dependence upon him as a risen Savior, are perished. But is this the case? No; but now is Christ risen from the dead, we are confident of it, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection

rection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order, Christ the first fruits, and afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming. But some man will say, how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool, says the Apostle, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body, fitted for the purposes of that spiritual state upon which it shall then enter. Behold, adds the Apostle verse 51. and following—behold I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, (some shall be found alive on the earth at the time of the resurrection,) but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have

put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Till then, death seems still to retain its power over the body; but when the trumpet shall sound and the dead body be raised incorruptible, then death shall be swallowed up, totally absorbed in compleat victory. Then may the humble believer with triumphant joy cry out, O death where is thy sting, and where thy victory grave!

Upon the same animating subject the Apostle speaks very fully in the third chapter of his epistle to the Philippians. Our conversation, our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Son of God, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things to himself. And in the verses following our text, If we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him; that their glorified spirits may be reunited to their risen and now glorified bodies. And again verse 16. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

Nor

Nor was this doctrine only taught by the Apostles, our great Master taught it himself. I am the resurrection and the life. John 10. 25. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And again John 5. 28, 29. The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life, to die, to be separated from their renewed happy spirits no more, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.

The Christian moreover has this great and momentous truth not only clearly revealed to him, but he beholds it actually realized before him. In the faithful mirror of the gospel we see the Savior standing over the grave of a dead Lazarus, and we hear him saying, Lazarus, come forth; and lo he comes. To a dead young damsel, whose friends were weeping all around her, he says Arise, and lo, she obeys. To the son of the widow of Nain when he was being carried to his grave, he says, Young man arise, and he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and was delivered to his mother. Jesus himself arose from the grave and actually appeared to many, to five hundred brethren at once, and at length in the presence of his disciples, he was taken up, he ascended into heaven out of their sight. With the Savior many of the sleeping saints arose and were seen of many, as an earnest, an anticipation

of that general resurrection we are taught to expect at the appointed season.

Do any therefore ask what is the hope of the christian concerning his pious departed friends ; I answer it is the hope of their resurrection, their resurrection to life, their resurrection to eternal glory. It is the hope, the lively hope, that though their once active and animated bodies are now slumbering in the grave, and mouldering and decaying there; yet that they shall be raised again, raised to immortality, raised in a state of incorruption, raised like the glorious body of the Son of God, and that when he appears, they also, body and soul reunited, shall appear with him in glory. But of that glory, how faint are our brightest, strongest ideas ! The raptures of that period when the vast schemes of providence and grace shall be compleated ; when the piercing trumpet shall shake the vaulted firmament of heaven ; when the archangel's shout, Arise ye dead and come to judgement, shall echo from pole to pole ; when the sepulchres and graves shall be all burst open by the energy of omnipotence, and the dead arise from their gloomy caverns ; when the sea shall give up its dead, and all the dead small and great shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, the books be opened, and the final sentence pronounced, Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared

red for you before the foundation of the world! —the raptures of this transporting period, what mortal tongue is able to describe, what human heart capacious enough to conceive of! Yet this, all this, and more than this is contained in the hope of the Christian, the hope with which the gospel inspires him concerning the pious dead. He should not sorrow as without hope, for he has hope, a glorious hope indeed. Once more,

3. and lastly, The hope of the Christian respecting his pious departed friends, is the hope of meeting them again in heaven, and spending a happy eternity with them there.

Our Apostle not only speaks of the certainty of God's bringing with him when he comes to the final judgment those that are asleep in Jesus, and whose spirits are supposed to be with him now, but he assures those Christians that are still alive, that they shall at length, whether they die or not before the coming of the Savior, meet their departed friends, and be, together with them, ever with the Lord. Wherefore, he adds, comfort one another with these words. You shall meet your pious friends again at the coming of the Savior, be that ever so soon, and be together with them ever with the Lord. And agreeably to this idea we read of the elect being gathered together from the four winds, and they are spoken of as constituting one General Assembly; and to all his servants,

servants, thus runs the endearing promise of the Savior, Where I am, there shall you, all of you together be also. And however impossible it may be to form any adequate ideas of the mode of our existence in the future state of glory, yet is it highly probable that we shall by some means or other know one another there, and converse together in some measure as we did on earth, though in a manner infinitely more refined and exalted. It is represented as a part of the misery of the damned, that they shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, those whom they well knew and with whom they frequently and familiarly conversed on earth, in the kingdom of God, whilst they themselves are shut out from this felicity. And if the glorified saints are known to them, surely we cannot but conclude that they are known to one another, and that this circumstance enhances not a little their mutual felicity. Now, for a season, our intercourse with those we loved, with whom we often took sweet counsel together, and whose lives were dearer to us than our own, is perhaps interrupted, and a separation, a painful separation is made. But, peace to our tumultuous passions, be still, let us not abandon ourselves to unbecoming grief and hopeless sorrow. Though we are separated from our friends, and they are taken from us, it is but for a season, the time is short, the separation is but temporary; a few short

short months or years and we shall see, we shall be happy with them again. And the bliss, the transport of this happy meeting, what tongue can possibly describe, what heart conceive ! O what joyful reciprocal salutations of divine amity and love shall then pass betwixt us and our kindred immortals ! What amazing improvements, what refinements, what sublimities of soul shall we observe in one another with infinite satisfaction and delight ! O what heart-felt pleasure shall we experience in the endearments of mutual society, conversation and heavenly friendship ; and above all, in advancing conformity from glory to glory to our divine Lord and Head, our gracious elder brother, our patron, our dying, our ever living friend and Savior !

“ That blissful interview how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet ;
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face
Through the full beamings of his grace !
As with a Seraph's voice to sing,
To fly as on a Cherub's wing !
Performing with unwearied hands
A present Savior's high commands !”

DODDRIDGE.

Thus to meet our departed friends in heaven, and to partake with them of these sublime joys, these extatic pleasures, and that for ever, without fear

fear of their ever coming to a period, sure of their continuance through the never ending ages of eternity.—What can be more reviving, more divinely animating!

Ah, my brother, I come not to tell you as I have before said, that you ought not to sorrow, or your afflicted family and friends that they ought not to sorrow on the present melancholy occasion. But I come to comfort you with those consolations with which you have so often comforted others; I come to tell you what you have so frequently and pathetically told others, that you should not, that you ought not, no, and I am persuaded you will not sorrow as others that have no hope, but under the full influence of that glorious hope respecting the pious dead with which the gospel inspires you.

Your loss, I know is great. You have lost the affectionate friend of your youth, the faithful companion of your advancing years, the wife of your bosom, the partner of your heart. We are no strangers to those virtues which had endeared her to you; you can feelingly say, “The longer known, the closer still she grew.” In her native place, and amongst her numerous honored relatives and friends there,* her name will long be precious, her memory truly fragrant. And in this place, her residence for more than thirty years,

* The worthy and respectable family of the Hudsons, of Gildersome, near Leeds, in Yorkshire.

years, who that knew her but is ready to rise up and call her blessed? As a wife, you my dear brother well know and we all know, she was an amiable example of conjugal fidelity and affection. Your joys and sorrows, your cares and pleasures, were her's.

“No barrier fix'd, but every passage open as the day,
To one another's breast and inmost mind.”

Who can fully realize the calm the heart felt pleasure arising from such a connection, but those who like you my brother, and may I not add, like me too! have felt the pangs of its dissolution?

And ye, my young friends, the children of the deceased, can you forget, Oh no, you cannot, you will not forget, that more than common maternal tenderness which the most affectionate of mothers, from your earliest infancy to her dying hour, exercised towards you, and with what anxiety she wished and sought your felicity, both with respect to this world and that which is to come. Oh that the remembrance of her virtues may live in your grateful hearts, and may you count it your honor and happiness to be followers of her, and of each of your honored parents, the living and the dead, as dear children! Your beloved mother, though dead, still speaks to you by her most amiable example, as well as by her

many maternal instructions, recommending religion and virtue to you as that only good part which shall never be taken from you! O that you may hear her silent voice, and may the Almighty Spirit of God effectually convey it to your hearts! May the same mind be in you which was in her, the same undissembled piety towards God, the same good will to man, the same meekness and humility, the same gentleness and benevolence, the same peaceableness and integrity of heart, the same fidelity in friendship, the same love to the day, the house, the truths, and the ordinances of the Lord; in one word, may that grace which brightened and adorned her character, be the ornament also of yours; may her God be your God in life and death, may your latter end be like her's resigned and happy; and where she is, there in due time may it be your happiness to meet her and to spend a blissful eternity with her. She shall no more come back to you, O that it may be your felicity to go to her!

But ah, methinks, I hear you ready to say, whilst mingling your tears with those of your yet surviving father, She's gone, she's gone from us as to the present state, for ever! She's gone to eternity! We shall see her face, we shall hear her friendly maternal voice no more! Her pleasing countenance is changed, and she is buried in the grave: we attended the sad solemnity, we saw her

her precious dust deposited in that gloomy habitation, and took leave of it for ever ! The places that once knew her in the family, in the house of God where she was so close so faithful an attendant, and in the world, shall know her no more for ever ! Our hearts are overwhelmed within us, is there any sorrow like to our sorrow ?

The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die."

Nor do I wish, as I have already told you, to stop the torrent of your grief. " Your grief becomes you, and your tears are just."—I only wish to direct and moderate your sorrow, that it be not like that of those who have no hope. It is God that gave you so good a parent, and it is he that hath taken her away. " 'Tis he that lifts our comforts high, or sinks them in the grave !" Be still then, and know that he is God. And bless his name for those consolations of his gospel, which are the noblest cordial of the soul under such distressing providences.

Hear your afflicted father saying to you---No my children, we must not sorrow as those that have no hope, for we have hope.

“ Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a heavenly ray ;
 And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.”

Theodosia.

Your dear mother is happy with her God and Savior, her departed spirit is gone to the circle of happy spirits in heaven ; nor shall her mortal body always lie as it now does mouldering in the grave, but at the bright approaching morn of the resurrection, it shall arise from the dust of death and put on immortality ; and in this state of perfect felicity, you my children, if found in that precious Savior to whom your mother was united, and who will not cast you out if you apply to him,—in this glorious state you shall again meet and embrace your deceased parent, and we shall all be together with the Lord for ever, without a fear of being separated any more. Let us then comfort one another with these divine consolations !

Yes, my brother, a little while, a few more years of faithful service in the cause of your divine master, a few more trials and conflicts through all of which that grace which hath always hitherto supported you will still support you—and you shall rest from your labors, a final period shall be put to your sorrows, God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes, and you shall triumphantly enter,

enter, where the dear partner of your life is gone before you, into the joy of your Lord. United to Christ, both of you in life, though separated for a few fleeting moments from one another for the present, what shall, what can separate you from his love in death, or when he appears prevent you both from appearing together in glory ? Your own mind will suggest to you I doubt not, a thousand arguments to enforce the duty of submission to the sovereign will of God ; but oh my brother, this hope which is full of immortality, this hope which the gospel inspires, not only silences our complaints but heals our wounds, not merely stops our tears, but turns them into tears of joy. May you and yours, and O that we may all of us, feel the full force of it, and be enabled under its cheering influence triumphantly to say, each one for himself, To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain, and I reckon that all the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory, the exceeding great and eternal weight of glory which shall quickly be revealed !

But perhaps some may be ready to say, on what foundation is this hope built ; may it be depended on ? Is it a sure and certain hope, a hope which will not after all make ashamed ? I answer, yes, it is sure and certain, and it will not make ashamed, for it is built upon the rock of ages, and the

the gates of hell shall never be able to overturn it.

This hope of the Christian is built upon the rock Christ, and the eternal unchangeable love of God in him. It is confirmed to us by his awful meritorious death which you are just about to commemorate,* and above all by his triumphant resurrection from the dead. It is a hope supported by the authority of the divine word, and the precious promises made there. It is a hope sealed to the conscience of the believer by the Holy Spirit of God, who now sheds abroad the love of God in the heart, as an earnest of the promised inheritance. It is a hope which will not disappoint us, but which in all its utmost extent shall be most assuredly accomplished to us.

And were I to speak of the excellent nature and properties of this hope, what must I not say concerning it ! Is it not in its origin *divine* ; a hope which comes immediately from the God of hope ? Is it not in its nature truly *purifying* ? Who that looks for such things as constitute the objects of this hope, but must be ready to say, What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness ! And is it not as to its influence and efficacy a truly *reviving* hope, able to cheer the heart in hours the most dark and gloomy, and

* It was ordinance day, and the author of this sermon had the singular pleasure of joining with his afflicted brother, in that solemnity upon this affecting occasion.

and to delight the soul, when nothing else can. In one word—is it not as to its duration an everlasting hope, the objects of which when we have enjoyed them ever so long, will still remain to be enjoyed for ever and ever !

To conclude, Learn the importance of a virtuous, pious friendship. It is when our friends are the friends of Christ, when they are such as at death sleep in Jesus, we have such a consolatory hope concerning them, and of again meeting with them.

And learn further, the excellency of that gospel in and by which alone life and immortality are brought to light, and we are inspired with such a hope as that we have been surveying. A hope full of immortality, and which in a little little while shall be totally absorbed in boundless, uninterrupted, never ending enjoyment.

THE *E N D*.

The following Hymns were sung upon the occasion, taken from the Olney Hymns, the last of them by the particular desire of the deceased.

H Y M N I.

On the death of a believer.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath:
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, " They're gone !"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight :
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their memory dear ;
And **Loan** do thou the prayers fulfil,
They offered for us here !

7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day,
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

8 We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.

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H Y M N II.

The Pilgrim's Song.
FROM Egypt lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace ;
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well ;
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view ;
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing through !

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine ;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore ;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

6 Lord pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call ;
The joy, prepar'd for suffering saints,
Will make amends for all.